will be cunning, mean, and ſelfiſh, and the men who can be gratified by the fawning fondneſs of ſpaniel-like affection, have not much delicacy, for love is not to be bought, in any ſenſe of the words, its ſilken wings are inſtantly ſhrivelled up when any thing beſide a return in kind is fought. Yet whilſt wealth enervates men; and women live, as it were, by their perſonal charms, how can we expect them to diſcharge thoſe ennobling duties which equally require exertion and ſelf-denial. Hereditary property ſophiſticates the mind, and the unfortunate victims to it, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, ſwathed from their birth, ſeldom exert the locomotive faculty of body or mind; and, thus viewing every thing through one medium, and that a falſe one, they are unable to diſcern in what true merit and happineſs conſiſt. Falſe, indeed, muſt be the light when the drapery of ſituation hides the man, and makes him ſtalk in maſquerade, dragging from one ſcene of diſſipation to another the nerveleſs limbs that hang with ſtupid liſtleſſneſs, and rolling round the vacant eye which plainly tells us that there is no mind at home.

I mean, therefore, to infer that the ſociety is not properly organized which does not

compel

compel men and women to diſcharge their reſpective duties, by making it the only way to acquire that countenance from their fellow-creatures, which every human being wiſhes ſome way to attain. The reſpect, conſequently, which is paid to wealth and mere perſonal charms, is a true north-eaſt blaſt, that blights the tender bloſſoms of affection and virtue. Nature has wiſely attached affections to duties, to ſweeten toil, and to give that vigour to the exertions of reaſon which only the heart can give. But, the affection which is put on merely becauſe it is the appropriated inſignia of a certain character, when its duties are not fulfilled, is one of the empty compliments which vice and folly are obliged to pay to virtue and the real nature of things.

To illuſtrate my opinion, I need only obſerve, that when a woman is admired for her beauty, and ſuffers herſelf to be ſo far intoxicated by the admiration ſhe receives, as to neglect to diſcharge the indiſpenſable duty of a mother, ſhe ſins againſt herſelf by neglecting to cultivate an affection that would equally tend to make her uſeful and happy. True happineſs, I mean all the contentment, and